

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 1.—VOL. X: X.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1807.

939.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

—Prepare to hear

A story, that shall turn thee into stone.
Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the centre by some God,
Through which the groans of ghosts might strike thy
ears,
They would not wound thee as this story will.

"HARK, Constance, to that sound! it sinks
with boding sadness on my heart, yet why—
Hark! again, what can it mean?"

"Such were the predictive words of a poor
melancholy recluse, as she disconsolately recli-
ned on the bosom of a sympathizing friend, who
often voluntarily shared the gloom of her little
cell, which, at her own desire, was in a remote
cloister of the ancient Monastery of St. Clare.

"The pious sisterhood were assembled in
their chapel; and in hallowed strains were
chanting a solemn dirge to the memory of a de-
parted sister, when they were suddenly inter-
rupted by a violent ringing of the great convent
bell. A circumstance so extraordinary occa-
sioned an involuntary surprise, not unblended
with apprehension; for so deeply was the soli-
tary building embosomed in the intricacies of a
nearly impervious forest, that even the pilgrim,
as he journeyed to his favorite shrine, or the be-
nighted wanderer, seeking an hospitable shelter,
seldom or never invaded the privacy of its se-
questered quietude.

"The porch of the chapel opened on one side
to a long winding passage, which led to an in-
ferior entrance of the convent, and during the
continued pause in the requiem, an indistinct
groan mingled with the rising wind, which for-
ced its dreary moaning through the apertures of
the passage; and before either of the commu-
nity had regained sufficient composure to arti-
culate, a lay sister, followed by the trembling
portress, rushed into the chapel, crying, some-
one at the gate was imploring shelter and assis-
tance for a dying stranger.

"St. Elizabeth, the lady abbess, who pos-
sessed as much of the milk of human kindness
as if she had belonged to the order of mercy it-
self, immediately quitted the chapel; and re-
pairing to the refectory, gave instant orders to
admit the strangers to a certain range of apart-
ments, remote from the interior, inhabited by
the nuns, and which in former days had been
appropriated to the purposes of charity, when
any should lay their claims for its gentle offices.

"Thither then the compassionate abbess had
them conveyed; and deputing two of the sis-
ters to examine their wants and relieve them,
she returned to the chapel, to conclude her
midnight orisons.—But an occurrence so unusual,
as the admission of two men within their hal-
lowed and interdicted walls, occasioned much
commotion; a wild alarm agitated the bosoms
of some, while ideas long forgotten, and wishes
long repressed, pervaded that sanctuary in the
breast of others, altogether devoted to the Su-
preme himself.

"No moment of repose as yet had sealed the
wakeful eye of the poor nun, whom the gene-
rous Constance was attending with all the holy
warmth of friendship;—her aching heart only
vibrated to the sigh of sorrow, and the groan of
despair; and a saddened confusion of image
was raised by the heavy sounding of the hollow
bell, and were flitting over her gloomy brain
when the imperfect murmur of a human voice
struck upon her watchful ear,—but they soon
sunk into silence, and all again became hushed
into a death-like stillness.

"What could yon tumult mean, my Con-
stance?" said poor Euphemia, while some secret
thought imparted wildness to her looks. "The
bell was rung—the gates unclosed, and by what
succeeded, some one gained admission."

"Do not heed it," returned Constance, "it
cannot interest, and why should it agitate us?
All within our dwelling now repose, and only
we ourselves are keeping these melancholy vir-
gils. But now I remember, you promised to re-
late the particulars of your earlier days; and
as sleep seems to have alike forsaken the pillow
of both, and the night is not very far spent, will
you gratify, not my curiosity, but the desire I
feel to soften those parts of your fate, which can
be softened by the efforts of friendship?"

"Yes, I promised," said Euphemia, "promis-
ed to tear open the wounds of bleeding remem-
brance, and revive beloved images, though lost
for ever,—steal between me and my God; for,
oh, Constance, I fear most unprofitable, and
even offensive, is that devotion offered from a
wandering and broken heart,—of a heart broken
by disappointment, and still bursting with
despair. My sighs, alas! they are not for trans-
gressions—my tears, they are not the softening
dew of penitence—oh, no! they corrode my bo-
som, and harden my spirit; and when I should
kneel, and pray for pardon, I break into repi-
nings, crying,—My God! my God! what
have I done, that I am such a victim?"

"The relation of past events might distress
you too much at present," said the considerate
Constance "defer it, my friend until a more
serene hour."

"If I do not speak," replied the nun, "my
unuttered thoughts will sink with deeper, and
more wasting anguish, on my spirits; and I
now feel impelled to disclose what I once ho-
ped to bury in the grave of forgetfulness.—My
father," she continued, "was descended from
one of the most ancient families in France; and
with his hereditary distinctions, had imbibed
all those reprehensible prejudices, which often
prove so fatal in their consequences to the fe-
males of illustrious houses. To enrich and ag-
grandize an only son, who was the pride of his
ambitious heart, and whom he almost worship-
ped, as being the transmitter of all his blazing
honours and consequence to future ages, I, a
wretched female, from my very cradle was pre-
doomed a victim, and devoted to conventual
gloom forever. For me he never had experien-
ced a father's feeling, his heart had never allow-
ed my infant claims; and as I advanced in years,
it was observed, that I created in his bosom a
sentiment very different from the one nature

intended should glow in a father's breast.

"My mother, my beloved mother, she was
mild and moderate, affectionate and just, she lo-
ved, she cherished, and would have given hap-
piness to her poor Euphemia; she would have
allowed to humanity the privileges of humani-
ty, nor condemned a daughter to misery, to in-
crease the swellings of an immoderate and un-
justifiable pride. But, alas her efforts were
feeble, and she could neither oppose the power,
nor counteract the decrees of her inexorable
lord.

"From the nursery I was conducted to a con-
vent of benedictine nuns; and though my lisp-
ing tongue could articulate no fear, I have been
told, that my attendants on the occasion obser-
ved, that my little frame shuddered,—too like-
ly in anticipated horror, when my nurse, with
streaming eyes, carried me through the long
gloomy cloisters of my future prison-house.

"To gratify his own vanity, my father com-
manded that I should be attended with the re-
spect becoming a daughter of the illustrious
house of Bournonville; neither was any care or
expence to be spared in my education.—Bar-
barous refinement of my misery!—Alas! why
enlarge or cultivate an understanding that was
doomed to the profitless confinement of monas-
tic walls?—Why expand, or elevate the ideas
of a poor wretch, destined to linger out a weary
life in a living grave?—It was the cruel kind-
ness of an unnatural father to fix the scorpion of
unavailing regret yet deeper in my injured
heart!—That my mind possessed energies that
calculated me for the active characters of life,
and feelings that would not have dishonored the
world, and that I had a judgement capable of
drawing its own conclusions, with a spirit great-
ly revolting against the privileges of nature be-
ing innovated by paternal oppression, and the
tyranny of custom, only tended to embitter my
present portion; and inspire regrets and rancor,
which ill fitted me for the meek forbearance
of the holy character I knew it would become
my duty to sustain.

"At the age of eighteen I was altogether a
stranger to the world, and my mind might have
been compared to a peaceful water, whose
smooth surface had never been ruffled by the
passing storm; yet imagination had drawn in-
numerable glowing pictures of the fair creation
beyond the boundaries of our monastic walls.
But before the idea of surveying these fancied
beauties could strengthen into a wish, the lady
abbess, and the sisters around me, as if acquaint-
ed with my thoughts, would display a portrait
of human life, so replete with horrors and mis-
eries, that I have shrunk within my little solita-
ry cell, and blessed my Maker, that its con-
finement would exclude the entrance of such
wretchedness.

"Much about that period, my gracious mo-
ther was taken with a violent fever, and her
life being despaired of by her medical attend-
ants, she ardently entreated my father to allow
her a last embrace of her beloved Euphemia.—
She had been my constant visitor at the convent,
I knew her worth and the value of her tender-
ness, and believed that the world, and all its fai-

ty joys would be a desert without her cheering presence; with a heart, therefore, bursting with filial anguish, for the first time since my infancy I entered the gates of Paris.—At any other time the gaiety and brilliancy of the scenes around me would have engaged my attention and excited variety of wishes, but now my mother on her dying bed, occupied my whole soul, and the delights of paradise could not have detained my impatient spirit from her presence.

"The charming saint instantly knew me, embraced, and blessed me.—

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PARTIES OF PLEASURE.

It may be said of a "party of pleasure" that poor creatures are to continue, a certain time, forcing smiles, and yawning spontaneously, for two or three hours, all relish is fled. In this dismal condition may remain, night after night, because the fashionable hour of sleep is not yet arrived!—and what else can they do? What a listless situation!—without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain, in a kind of passive, oyster state, gaping till the tide of company moves you to your carriage; and, when you recover your reflection in your bed chamber, you find you have past the last two hours in a kind of humming, buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

The King shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. With that good tempered condescension and familiarity that so much distinguish him, he stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Damn it George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

ANECDOTES.

A Clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said the thing that was not, they ought to whistle. On Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes, and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now a days, they were as big as some of the hills in Scotland!—He had scarce pronounced these words when he heard a loud whistle "Who is that (says he) ca's me a liar?" "It is I, Willy M'Donald, the baker." "Well Willy, what objection have ye to what I ha, told you?"—"None Mess John, only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake these loaves in."

An old man recommended his son to retrench his desires, as the cheapest way of supplying his wants—"That (said the son) would be like cutting off our feet when we want shoes."

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL,

AND THE

GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

By Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary.

Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast:
The trumpeter Gad fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaving grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air,
To an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring—
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin, the Mole;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey, to sweeten the feast.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minute to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light.

So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchmen is waiting for you or for me.

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE'S a siren with inviting arms,
Sweet is her voice, and powerful her charms;
Lur'd by her call, we tread the flow'ry ground,
Joy wings our steps, and Music warbles round;
Lull'd in her arms we lose the flying hours,
And lie embosom'd, midst her blooming bow'rs;
Till arm'd with death she watches our undoing,
Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

EPIGRAM.

As Walter and Patrick one day were conversing,
And boasting of feats by their countrymen wrought;
Of their strength and their stature were quaintly rehearsing,
And what pranks they had played, and yet never were caught;
Says Walter, "the children of Anak, so brawny,
Were pigmies, compared to Scotch laids of the hill;
And the far-famed Coliath, was no more to Sawney,
Than Sandy's wee top to the whale of a mill!"
"Hold, hold, by shaint Patrick," cries Pat in a passion,
"In Ireland as much bigger as yours can be found;
I've frequently known many paple of fashion,
So tall that their fait could not come nigh the ground!"

EPIGRAM.

So fair I thought your face and mind;
I wonder'd much that half mankind
Were not of wits bereav'd;
I've had you now three weeks to try
And wonder how the devil I
Could be so much deceiv'd.

AN ODD APOLOGY.

OLD Taswell the player was well educated, while he was at Westminster school, it was the fashion for the young gentlemen to smoke; and the master wishing to correct such a practice, gave strict orders to the boarding-house to admit no more pipes. This was not an easy task, and one of the old ladies, unwilling to disoblige him, once sent him private information, that notwithstanding she had told them of his prohibition, all the inmates, and some of the other young gentleman scholars, were then assembled in her great parlour, with each of them a pipe in his mouth. The enraged doctor, putting on his greatest wig, and calling up to every feature tenfold terror, went to the house, and stalking into the room, very harshly demanded how they dared to disobey his positive orders. "Sir, (replied the eldest boy), I am ordered to smoke for a violent tooth-ache;"—"and I (said the next) for my swelled face;"—"and I for a pain in my stomach," said the third; "and I am advised to it to cure the heart-burn," said the fourth—"So, so, so!" said the doctor; but pray, master Taswell, let me ask you, who are I think the youngest boy in the school, what has induced you to adopt this abominable practice at so early a period?"—"Sir, (replied the lad,) my papa's doctor ordered me to smoke to cure my chilblains."—"The devil he did! (said the doctor) you had better have been silent, and that I shall convince you of in the morning; but how has it happened that you, whom I always took for a sharp sensible lad, should make so foolish and frivolous excuse as that?" "Sir, (replied Taswell,) all the good excuses were gone, so I was obliged to take up with what was left."

THE FINANCIER AND HIS SON.

A great financier had an only son, who, tho' he possessed a strong understanding, and gave many proofs of ready wit, had such a passion for play, that he passed all his leisure time at cards, and, his whole attention being thus occupied, learned nothing. His father finding the strength of this propensity, took from him all his tutors, observing, that since he seemed destined by nature to be a gamester, he was resolved to preserve him as much as possible from being a dupe. He therefore assigned him masters in piquet, whist, quadrille, ombre and back gammon. He was obliged to rise at day-break to take lessons from these, and was allowed scarcely a moment's rest. He was compelled to play from morning till night; which gave him such an aversion to play, that he detested it ever after. He soon earnestly requested that he might again be put under his former teacher. At length his request was complied with, and he returned to his studies with ardour and success.

ANECDOTE.

An officer of one of the ships at Spithead, having some occasion to send to his country-house in great haste, dispatched a sailor on horseback with a letter, who after delivering it, and being refreshed, and the horse fed, went to the stable to prepare for his return. A bystander observing to him that he was putting on the saddle, the hind part before, the sailor replied, "how do you know which way I am going to ride?"

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 14, 1807.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Since the commencement of 'THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,' nearly *thirteen years* have now elapsed. Eighteen Volumes have been published, and the number, which is issued, this day, will be the first of the nineteenth.

Upon an occasion of this kind, which, as it respects the WEEKLY MUSEUM, may in some measure, be considered as a new era, the Editor thinks it a duty, which she owes no less to her generous Patrons than to herself, to make a few remarks.

At the time the WEEKLY MUSEUM was projected by her late husband, no Publication of the kind had been heretofore, as she believes, attempted in this City and probably not in the United States. The plan was new, and before it could be carried into any beneficial effect, it had, as might reasonably have been expected, to encounter a number of difficulties. However, by the incessant care, labour and industry of its projector—by his anxiety to please and his discernment in selecting such pieces, as according to the opinion of the best judges, were most conducive to the Amusement and Instruction of his readers, particularly those of the FAIR SEX, the scheme, at last, met with general approbation, and a patronage ensued which equalled his most sanguine expectations.

In the summer, of the year 1804, death put a period to his labours.—The widow, the present Editor, upon that melancholy occasion, doubting her feeble powers, was disposed to relinquish the undertaking; but upon the advice of some of her friends, who promised her their Literary assistance, and an anxiety to perpetuate in the best manner she could, an establishment, which had cost her husband so much time and trouble; and which she believed, if properly conducted, might be useful to society,—she, with diffidence, undertook it.

That she has succeeded according to her wishes, in her efforts to give general satisfaction, she dares not aver. Of this, however, she is confident, that no exertion has been wanting on her part, to fulfil the expectation of her Patrons; and it is, with both pleasure and gratitude, that, for this some time past, she has found her list of subscribers, instead of diminishing, still continue to encrease.

To merit their friendship, shall ever be the first wish of her heart. To the duties of a compiler she will, therefore, unceasingly devote her attention, and in the performance of these duties, she assures the Public, that she will rigidly adhere to the selecting of such pieces, as, in her opinion, may be most subservient to the encouragement of the practice of Virtue, to the painting of Vice in its most odious colours, to the excitement of Innocent Hilarity, to the promotion of Rational Amusement, and in fine, to *cult with care* from various Gardens, the SWEETEST MENTAL FLOWERS.

In the accomplishment of this, which is obviously the most difficult part of her undertaking, she acknowledges with gratitude the assistance of several Ladies and Gentlemen of great Literary merit, who have occasionally obliged her with various original communications, both in prose and verse, particularly in the latter. These have heretofore greatly enriched the WEEKLY MUSEUM—and she earnestly solicits a continuance of such favours.

To those of her subscribers, who pay their subscriptions with punctuality (and they are by far the greater part) the Editor tenders her most grateful acknowledgments; they have performed a duty of the first consequence to the continuance and prosperity of such an establishment. To others of her subscribers, who have been negligent in this respect, she would beg leave to state, that Paper, Printing, &c. must be regularly paid for, and that in the conducting of a periodical work, there are various other incidental expenses too tedious to enumerate, which must always be discharged with promptitude. They should likewise consider, that though the sum of *one, two or three dollars*, may be a matter of little or no moment to an individual, yet the detention of *several hundred such trifles* is to the Editor a matter of the most serious consequence. She is aware, that the accumulation of arrearages of this sort have been permitted to arise from want of reflection; but now that the case is stated to them without reserve, she has too much reason to confide in the good wishes of these

subscribers, to doubt that they will make immediate payment of what they owe.

The Editor concludes by returning her sincere thanks for favours formerly experienced, and assures them that nothing shall be wanting to merit a continuance of them.

The city inspector reports the death of 38 persons (of whom 14 were men, 9 women, 8 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last.

On Sunday last, a ferry-boat with a number of passengers from Powles Hook, after getting almost in, was caught in the ice, and drifted down half way to the Narrows. At sun-down, she was completely surrounded with ice, and no prospect of being extricated.

The ferry-boat mentioned in the above, as having been carried down by the ice, remained between this and the Narrows all night, and was observed near Red-Hook on Monday morning, still in the ice.—Mr. Mathew Stevenson, Mr. Garret Fountain, and another man, humanely volunteered, and in a light boat, which they had occasionally to haul over the ice, reached the ferry-boat about seven miles below the city. They found on board, Capt. Van Verst, wife and two children, three other men passengers, and two ferry-men, all of whom, at the imminent hazard of their lives, they took into the skiff, and miraculously landed them at Fort Jay about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, where they were received most humanely by captain Wylie, with whom they took some refreshment, after which he sent them to town in his barge. The ferry-boat was left drifting with the ice.

From the severity of the night, it was expected some of the passengers had perished; they saved themselves, however, by judicious management. They all crowded into a kind of fore-castle (the only place of shelter in those boats) drew the fore-sail close over the place of entrance to keep out the frost, and with the aid of two blankets and some great coats, they made themselves as comfortable as it was possible to be, in a situation so dangerous. Mr. Van Verst, lay with his childrens feet to his breast, and his wife in his arms. The meeting of the deliverers and delivered was truly affecting; tears flowed; and the powers of utterance overcame with joy!

N. Y. Gaz.

The grand jury has presented "John Foster, an itinerant preacher, as an idle and blasphemous character, pursuing no lawful or regular means of support, and propagating principles wholly repugnant to religion and morality."

Extract of a letter from Charles Swan, Esq. paper-maker and post-master, dated Patchogue, Long-Island, Feb. 2.—"Yesterday morning, about three hours before day, we were all swept away (ten in family) by the mill-dam giving way. We had just time to escape, and did not save an article of bed or body clothes. The mail, key, and post-office books, &c. were all swept away with the flood."

FIRES!

On Monday morning last, the Sugar house of Edmund Seaman and Moses Rogers, Esqrs. and the store of George Barnwell, Esq. between Wall & Pine-streets, were consumed by Fire. We understand that Messrs. Rogers and Barnwell were insured, but that Mr. S's loss is estimated at 15,000 dollars.

Troy, February 3.—On the night of the 26th ult. the dwelling-house of Mr. Chapin, of Hartford, Washington county, was consumed by fire, with the greater part of his furniture. A daughter of Mr. Chapin's, aged 11 years, was burned with the house; and we understand, it was not without much exertion, that two other children were rescued from the flames. It is not known from what accident this distressing fire was produced.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Where chaste delights supremely reign,
And pleasure only wakes to bliss;
Where Hymen does his away maintain,
There, only there dwells happiness.

MARRIED.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Oliver D Ward, to Miss Hatty Maria Ward, both of this city.

On Monday, 24 inst. at Elizabeth-town, N. Y. by the Rev. John Churchill Rood, Mr. Samuel Thompson, to Miss Anne Stream, both of this city.

Same place, Mr. Samuel Ogden, to Miss Esther Brown, of Lyons Farm.

A Philadelphia paper of last week, contains the following

POETIC MARRIAGE.

Married—last Saturday night,
By the Rev. Bishop White,
Mr. William E. Wright,
To Miss Mary Kite.

All of this city.

MORTALITY.

Triumph, grim tyrant, in thy spoils of clay!
Th' immortal part is rais'd beyond thy power,
And looks from the high battlements of heaven,
With scorn on thy mean trophies here below.

DIED.

On Monday last, after a short illness, Mr. William Jones.

On Wednesday last, after a short illness, Mr. Christopher Hughes.

On Thursday last, Mrs. Frances Allaire, consort of Mr. Peter A. Allaire.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Stephen Sands.

On Friday last, Mr. Benjamin Shaw, late of Boston.

In Hudson, suddenly, with the lock-jaw, in consequence of sticking a nail in his foot, Mr. John Mildeberger, late from New-York.

MINIATURES AND PROFILES.

Mr. Parisen, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that his hours of attendance at his Painting room, is from 10 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon. Those Ladies and Gentlemen that please to honor him with their commands may be assured to have their Likeness painted to their satisfaction on the following reasonable terms—Miniatures finely painted, from 5 to 15 dollars each—Profiles, painted with natural colours, 2 dollars each—Black Shades 25 cents.—At his Painting Room, No. 58, Chatham-Street

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-linings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry; and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

929—tf.

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his professions and being grateful for past encouragement, presume, on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.
Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926 tf.

FOR SALE.

Cheap, with or without her Child, ten years time of a young active Mulatto Woman. She is perfectly sober, honest, and good tempered. Sold for no fault, enquire of the printer.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SNOW :

AN IMPROMPTU.

THIS is January twenty,
When we should have sleighing plenty :
I am tired, altogether,
Of such sour, unpleasant weather :
Easy 'tis to rain and blow—
Why is it so hard to snow ?

See the Farmer, wet and weary,
Stalking o'er the plain so dreary ;
Off he upwards turns his peepers,
Blinking like a chimney-sweeper's ;
Off he cries, enraged with woe,
' Why the d—l don't it snow ?

See the Merchant, sorry fellow,
With a face as pale as tallow—
Sick with grief, and quite bed-ridden—
All because there is no sleddin' !
Hear him cry, in accents slow,
' O ! ye gods ! why don't it snow ?

See the chopfall'n Tavern-keeper,
Voluntarily a weeper !
See his bar-room, once so cheery,
Now forsaken, cold, and dreary !
Hear him cry, with spirits low,
' Curse the luck ! why don't it snow ?

Hear the sage Prognosticator,
Blame these slippery tricks of Nature ;
She so oft his judgment bothers,
That he knows no more than others :
Hear him roar, with wrinkled brow,
' Curse my stars ! why don't it snow ?

Foiks, in ev'ry rank and station,
Join in fretful exclamation—
Tailors, tinkers, parsons, pedlars,
Sawyers, teamsters, smiths, and fiddlers,
Rich and poor, or high and low,
Hop and swear—for want of snow.

For myself—though press'd with sorrow,
Still, in hopes 'twill snow to-morrow,
To be patient I endeavor :
Faith ! such times can't last forever :
Hear the stormy south-east blow—
May it wait us hills of snow.

O ! ye gods, who rule the weather,
Neptune—Jove—or both together—
Lend, for once, an ear propitious,
Hear our prayers and grant our wishes ;
Down your frosty blessings throw—
Cover—smother us—in snow.

Cambridge, N. Y. January 20.

THE LAME LOVER.

WHEN Foote parted with his theatre to Coleman, he got himself engaged at the same time as a principal performer ; but some difference arising about settling the value of the comedy of *The Lame Lover*, Coleman observed that it would not bring so much as the other pieces, and therefore it should have an abatement. ' Yes, (said the other,) it will ; for though he is nominally lame, I shall always lend him a foot for his purpose.

LORD H***.

SITTING with Lord H. (who was much addicted to the bottle) previous to a masquerade night, he asked Foote ' what new character he ought to appear in ? ' New character, (said the other, pausing for some time,) suppose you go *suber* my Lord !

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,

Wholesale and retail Jewellers & Watchmakers, 137 William and 441 Pearl-streets, have received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, an extensive assortment of plated ware, consisting of the following articles.

Superb round, oval and oblong tea and coffee urns with legs and lamp.

Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, in complete sets to match.

Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.

Oval and oblong cake baskets.

Candlesticks and brackets, newest fashion with silver gadroons

Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers.

Elegant three light branches.

Snuffer and snuffer trays.

Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands, salts.

Wine-strainers, wax-winders with tapers.

Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.

Mustard spoons, &c.

A few sets superb double plated and silver edged oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.

Egg boilers for 6 eggs, with lamp and stand.

Oblong rich cut glass epergnes with engraved leafage, and a variety of other articles of the best plate, silver edged and fashionable patterns.

Also—an assortment of single plated Birmingham tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets, &c. &c. elegant patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set brooches, pins ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and brooches, watch chains, seals and keys, &c.

They have also received a beautiful collection of gilt ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imitation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethysts and cornelian, very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs, gold and silver epaulets, trimmings for ladies dresses, spangles, coral beads, buttons, &c.

Repeating, horizontal and L'Epine gold watches—silver, single and double case do.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth powder.

Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to 1000.

Stollenwerck & Brothers continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand, gold and silver work of every description, wholesale and retail.

The strictest attention paid to the repairing of watches of every construction.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWRIS, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has opened a store at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the Sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Sutarrows, and Cordovan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or pattern. He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

929—4m.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

November 15.

926—1f

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



SHELL COMBS

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns : and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey : 4s. and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums ; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion ; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 3, 1807

ly.

ROBERT HAYWARD,

No. 22 BEEKMAN-STREET,

Makes, and has constantly for sale, Venetian, Parlor, Spring and Shutter Blinds of every description, wholesale & retail, warranted of the best quality, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also—plain and papered Window Cornices, to any size and pattern. All Orders for Exportation, thankfully received and immediately attended to.

An assortment of Hatters' Blocks always on hand.

* Old Blinds repaired and painted.

December 13.

930—6m

CISTERNs,

Made and put in the ground compleat,—warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MERVIN,

No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.